

THE WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE **SALVATION ARMY** IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

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WILLIAM BOOTH
General

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EVANGELINE BOOTH.
Commissioner.

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"FORWARD AND UPWARD."

(See page 8.)

The Generous Guide.

An Incident of King Edward VII. and the Salvation Army.

BY WALSH DAWSON, MONTREAL.

TWO years ago this Christmas it was my privilege to do a little private work for the Salvation Army in London. I had plenty of time on my hands, and was lucky enough to claim as friends several very rich and influential people, living in England's appallingly great city. I had been living abroad for many years, and, on my return to the Old Country, was perfectly horrified at the terrible poverty existing in London—the wealthiest city in the world. Now, I happened to know very well indeed two or three men who had for years been doing very noble work for the salvation Army—silent, unobtrusive work, yet work very sweet in God's sight. I was inspired by the zeal and effort of my friends, and had made up my mind to do something myself that Christmas to make brighter the lives of some poor, miserable, homeless, outcasts. I had written to a friend I knew, Lord —, a most sympathetic and charitable man, and had mentioned to him my little work in connection with the Salvation Army. He had sent me a most kind reply, asking me to call and see him, and I at once set out for his house, which was situated not very far from Buckingham Palace. It was a terribly foggy afternoon, and I quite lost my way. I knew I was close to the Palace, but I could not, for the world, find the house of my friend, Lord —.

Presently, whilst groping my way in the dark, I fell right against a gentleman who was walking in the opposite direction to me. He was a stout, portly gentleman, with a kind cheery face, that reminded one of Christmas and Christmas festivities. I apologized, and asked him if he could direct me to the house of Lord —. "Certainly," he replied good-naturedly. "I am going near the place myself. I will show you the house. I, also, know Lord — very well indeed. He is a good fellow, is he not?" We chatted away merrily. I told him all about my work, and of the magnificent labors of all those connected with the Salvation Army. He seemed deeply interested, and when at last I reached the house of Lord —, he said to me with great earnestness:

"Oh, it is dreadful to think that so much suffering exists in this city! It is really as bad as you say, sir."

"It is, indeed," I replied.

"Well, I must say good-night," he remarked after a slight pause. "Before I go, however, I want you to accept this little gift—this gift for the poor suffering ones. May God bless you and the workers of the Salvation Army!"

He placed in my hand the "little gift"—ten bright gold sovereigns! Needless to say, I was astonished and more than grateful.

"Sir," I said, with considerable emotion, "God will reward you for this generosity; God will bless you. But your name, sir? What name will I put down in my book?"

He seemed disturbed at this question, and replied, hurriedly:

"No name at all—no name at all, please; simply anonymous."

Just then the fog cleared a little, and I could see my generous friend's face distinctly. It was surely familiar to me—very familiar. Now, where and when had I seen his face before? All at once the truth flashed over me, and, raising my hat, I exclaimed:

"Your Royal Highness!"

"No, no!" answered the gentleman, smiling; "not that, please—simply 'anonymous.'"

Raising his hat and bidding me a hearty "Good-night," he swiftly hurried away.

Yes, it was His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales—now His Majesty King Edward VII.

Temperance in Russia.

The Czar of Russia is said to be taking a personal interest in the temperance reform of his country, and is lending his influence to modify and stay the injurious results of the dram house, and to provide counter resorts.

Under his favor the government is co-operating with temperance reformers by supporting eating houses, coffee houses, reading rooms, and even public places of amusement in all parts of the empire. One of the most noteworthy resorts of this character is the governmental building in St. Petersburg. Someone in describing it says: "Here are numerous reading rooms, lecture rooms, and a splendid library, and in the garden outside any number of little pavilions, summer houses, and places for national games for grown people and children. Numerous hands play select music. The whole institution was planned by the young Czar, who very often visits it. The establishment is a brilliant success, and to visit it is a real pleasure. No liquor is sold, no intoxicated person is admitted, not an indecent word is heard, and the whole place is filled with a happy, laughing, good-natured crowd, enjoying themselves as children."

Whose Servant are You?

"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness."—Rom. vi. 16.

"His servants ye are to whom ye obey." To Christ or to sin are you servant to-day? Both claim your obedience, yet God leaves you free.

To choose, of the two, which your master shall be.

As the servant of Christ, you must battle with sin. Which will ever oppose you, without and within;

But to those who determine to fight to the end, Christ no more is Master, but Brother and Friend.

As the servant of sin, you may have a false ease, Free from righteousness, you may do much as you please,

But the service, at first, which you willingly gave, Will be harshly required when sin binds you, a slave.

"His servants ye are to whom ye obey." To Christ or to sin are you servant to-day? The servant of sin is its slave in the end, But the servant of Christ shall be honored as friend. Elsie M. Graham.

GOOD-BYE, CANADA!

A Last Message of the General's Singing Evangelist.

The Canadian campaign has closed and the General is once more over the border, and fighting away in the land of the Stars and Stripes. Seeing the meetings have closed, the songs have ceased, and you, my precious comrades, are back once more at your much-loved work, viz., saving souls; I feel that it would not be at all grateful of me if I failed to send you, at any rate, one word of real thanks for your Christlike actions towards me, and for the cheerful, ready manner in which you have carried out my wishes, helped me at the doors, and in every other way. God will reward you in His own way, and at His own time.

I cannot tell you what a pleasure it has been for me to fight with you, and to see the bold, daring, and simple blood-and-fire fashion in which you have gone straight for souls. The prayer meetings have been my glory, and my heart has shouted for joy again and again to see how you have held on and fought it out to the last.

God bless you! You are on the right-lines. While you keep the flag up, be sure and keep yourselves down low at the cross. Carry out to the fullest degree the will of God, the dictates of your conscience, and the wishes of your Commissioner. You are on the right lines—go on, keep at it, fight it out, follow your Lord, pull men and women out of the fire, do your duty, bear the cross, and then the "Well done!" of Jesus is sure.

Believe me to remain, His son and soldier.—John Lawley, Colonel.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL DEPARTMENT.

BY LIEUT. COLONEL MRS. READ.

Note of Thanks.

"God bless you!" Oh, how much there is good in those three words, if fully understood: I send them you with loving thought to-day, Whilst to our Father their loving import pray And ask of Him for you a blessing, Dispensed by His all-loving gracious hand.

"God bless you!" Yea, and more than this pray, With all my heart, concerning you to-day; I ask not only that He you will bless, From out the storehouse of His graciousness, But that you, too, a blessing priceless pray, To all who come within your range of love.

IN the name of our beloved Commissioner, and the faithful officers of the Women's Social Department, I would like to thank the many friends and supporters throughout the Territory for their generosity and co-operation throughout the year, and to express the hope that the blessing of Him to whom their gifts have been tendered, and their prayers offered, may richly reward them for helping to bear the burdens and soothe the sorrows of those whom their gifts have helped to maintain.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

In a retrospective view of our work, we have much reason to be grateful to God. Nearly a thousand, including women and children, have been sheltered in our various Homes. We have more recognition from municipal and government bodies in the form of grants and subsidies than ever before in our history, and our officers and workers were never more full of faith and courage in their work. In a prospective survey there is much to gladden and inspire.

In the West, the year opened brightly, and the East is not behind.

In Newfoundland Brigadier Smeeton has a scheme for further developing and extending the work. Halifax is surmounting its financial difficulties, and the St. John, N.B., Home and Hospital never were in a more prosperous condition, while in the central part of the Territory, every Home is holding its own in every respect.

The Women's Social work is a greater power in the Queen City than ever previously, the Toronto Rescue Home being a very model of neatness, industry, and homelikeness. We thank our friends for helping us, our Lord for the privileges of the work.

OUR FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES.

I would like to draw the attention of our readers to the foundation principles of the work. The aim of the Women's Rescue Work of the Salvation Army is to reach, reclaim, reform, and save the fallen sisters of the land, to remove the brand which a selfish society has put upon them; restore them to their parents, husbands, guardians, or friends, or find them temporary and permanent employment.

The principle upon which we most rely to accomplish this grand result is love—human and Divine.

The methods employed are many, and are decided according to the health, ability, and general circumstances of the rescued.

Both in the interests of the work and the woman, labor, or industry, is made a hand-maiden to success.

The government of the Rescue Work is in harmony with the principles of the Army, and in accordance with the regulations framed by the General.

Each department is managed by a qualified and separate officer. As far as possible, those who pass through the Homes are enrolled in a special book, regularly corresponded with, and encouraged to co-operate with us, by prayer and help, in saving others.

The Rescue Work is non-sectarian, and strives to secure the sympathy and support of Christians belonging to every section of the Church of Christ.

The plant of piety will not live by being stuck in the soil of prayer about once a week.



CHAPTER III.—ALONE IN LONDON.

It was a drizzling, damp morning, and the huge railway station looked cold and cheerless, and seemed deserted, save for the few officials, who were always on duty through the night, and a small number of people, waiting the advent of the early morning express from the north and west.

Euston Station, with its numerous tracks, platforms, offices, mechanisms, and systems for the reception and disgorging of its nearly 800 trains per day, forms a very interesting study, indeed. In close proximity to the throbbing, ceaseless whirl of the mighty city's commercial heart, and equally adjacent link with the neighborhood where reside the "blue-blooded" and "vulgar" loafer, who declaims, with a decided curl of his aristocratic lip, any connection with such a plebeian pursuit as "trade," as if honorable trading and honest work were beaming to manhood, instead of elevating, ennobling, and dignified. When will the wealthy parents of our youth learn the goal for their daughters is not an entrance into society and a good "match," and for their sons a college course, travel, club, and society, which generally ends in their plunging into the wildest excesses, largely through the *ennui* brought on by sheer want of healthy occupation, through which to give expression to those restless energies that decay, rot, and become corrupt through the enervating influences of idleness, and ignoring of God's merciful ordination for man's temporal salvation—labor? Such contemptuous ideas of "manly toil" is but the product of the insensate, distorted imaginations of an over-fed and effete society, resulting in the worst forms of selfishness, tyranny, licentiousness, and anarchy, and in their turn bring forth the bitter hatred of poor against rich, until, plotting and scheming, it begins to gnaw at the root of society, like "death brought forth by sin—gnawed at its parents' vitals." What is the cure? Trades' unionism—(good in their place)—nay—because selfishness and tyranny are frequently manifested. The slave, says Sterne, "always becomes a tyrant if he ever gets a chance to be one." Not the wild theories of "secret societies," because they aim at the heterogeneous uprooting of existing conditions—mere iconoclasts—without creating a better order of things, opposers of law and order, and, therefore, in opposition to the plans of Him who is the God of order. But what is the cure, the ONLY true way to bring about social regeneration and the universal brotherhood of man? Paul, the working-man, the tent-maker, the grand old apostle, strikes the key-note—

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might become rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9.

Let mankind become possessed of the love and spirit of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and peace, joy, and prosperity for all will reign.

Twist these two sections of London's great city rises as a connecting link the huge pile of buildings used as a terminal point of the great railroad company.

Five o'clock has rung out from the countless clock towers, and soon the Northern Express, with its living freight, streams into view, and immediately all becomes bustle and excitement—passengers alight, glad to escape from the circumscribed limits of the old-fashioned compartments, where they have been cooped up for hours, and are quickly absorbed in the city's millions.

One passenger, on alighting, walks slowly down the platform, then stops, looks round, hesitates, then proceeds a little further. "Any baggage, Miss?" queries a porter, on the look-

out for a "tip." The young lady shook her head, then turned slowly away. Had there not been such a bustle she would certainly have attracted attention—her white, dainty features and look of distress that gazed out of eyes betokening desolation and woe. Starting nervously as anyone came close to her, she glanced round furtively as if mutely pleading for someone to pilot her through the busy whirl and hum of the rapidly awakening city.

Where should she go? The slight girlish figure shivered as she realized she was being rapidly left alone on the great platform. Alone in London. No friend to turn to, no kindly voice to soothe, no hand to guide, no strong arm to protect—*alone!* What was her sorrow to the vast multitude, they had enough of their own, without troubling with others. As the strange desolation and friendlessness of her position swept over her, the hot, scalding tears began to flow down her pale cheeks, and leaning against one of the great pillars that supported the massive roof, her frame shook with the sobs of agony that tore her spirit.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said a voice, not unkindly. Haven't your friends met you?"

"I—I—no friends here," faltered the poor girl tremulously.

"Ah, that is sad," replied her interrogator sympathetically. "Poor child, you look tired out; come with me to my home—it's not far away—and rest yourself a bit."

Mechanically, the young stranger followed her new acquaintance.

"What name may I address you by?" smiled the woman.

"Oh—er—Lily," faintly answered the poor girl.

"Your name suits your face then," replied she, flashing a keen glance at her companion's face, while a knowing smile passed over her own, as she detected the feeble attempt at deception, but all her efforts to draw Lily out on the question of her parents, and where she came from, proved futile.

There was something repellent about this Londoner that was scarcely noticed at first sight. Her face, which could assume expressions of sympathy and kindness when in repose, bore a strange, hard, cold, scornful look; her eyes had the cunning look of a panther, while the lines round the mouth indicated a cruelty something akin to the cat playing with the poor unfortunate mouse its cruel claws are about to rend asunder. Her dress was of rich material, but showed a lack of harmony in color, while the lavish display of cheap jewelry betokened the coarse nature underlying all.

Instinctively Lily shrank from her, but continually followed on until the woman exclaimed, "Ah, here we are," and she was speedily ushered into a house standing back a few feet from the road. As Lily entered the fumes of tobacco smoke and a stuffy, close smell greeted her from the semi-darkened rooms, and a giddy faintness seized her. Staggering to a chair she sank back and would have swooned away but for the noisy entrance of another person.

"Hello!" said the new comer, "who's this?"

"Ah, Belle, is that you?" said the woman.

"I found this young lady in great trouble at the depot. She has no friends, so I offered her the shelter of our hospitable roof until she gets rested," with a marked inflection on the word "hospitable."

"Oh, that's the way, is it?" the showily-dressed young woman replied, "and the usual game, I suppose," Belle said bitterly, as she swept out of the room.

After she was gone poor Lily gladly accepted her new friend's invitation to go and lie down. Her head throbbed, and her head seemed on fire. She lay for a few moments tossing to and fro

in an agony of feeling, when presently the woman re-entered, with a glass containing a little brandy.

"Here, my dear, drink this; it will do you good and take away that feverishness."

Tremblingly Lily took the tumbler and drank the contents. The fiery liquor seemed to revive her a little, and with an injunction to rest herself, the woman, with a mocking smile, withdrew.

Lily soon began to feel drowsy from the effect of the liquor, and fell off to sleep. How long she slept she knew not, but waking with a start, a wild horror came over her. "Where was she?—What had happened?—O God!—drugged—ruined!" and with a piercing wail of agony she fell back on the bed, sobbing convulsively, while the mocking laughter outside the door betrayed the presence of the inhuman fiends that had lured her to destruction.

CHAPTER IV.—A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Meanwhile, in the old Manor House, consternation and grief reigned. The Squire paced the rooms in an agony of spirit, with white rigid countenance and firmly-compressed lips. His wife lay moaning on the sofa, prostrated by the crushing blow that had fallen upon them, while the servants seemed utterly paralyzed, at the unexpected sorrow that with such suddenness had come upon the household. "Where could their idolized young mistress be?" they asked each other, glancing nervously at the stern, set face of their master, as he passed them in his agonizing walks while awaiting the arrival of the detectives wired for.

In the meantime messengers had been despatched in every direction, where any likely news could be obtained. Search parties were sent out to drag the river and pond, but after many hours of hard, fruitless toil, they returned disappointed, and puzzled at her strange disappearance. Telegrams were sent and received, and every means that money could devise or employ utilized to obtain trace of the missing loved one, but were all unavailing.

The French maid, cross-questioned, declared she knew nothing. Her mistress had dismissed her early the previous evening, and she had not seen her since.

The Squire's grief was terrible to behold. Clenching his hands, he groaned in the bitterness of his spirit. "Who had robbed him of his 'Woodland Flower'?" while the waves of anguish swept over and over his broken heart.

Evelyn's mother dropped under the cruel blow. It proved a great shock to her nervous system, and she became a helpless invalid for a few years, then slipped away, and another sorrow was added to the Squire's already full cup.

Months passed by, and grew into years, still no tidings came of the long-lost darling of that once-happy home, until her father ceased to think of her as living, and mourned for her as already dead. The once erect, stately form could be seen wandering about the Manor grounds, weighed down by his loneliness and utter desolation of his double loss.

(To be continued.)

Ingersoll's Temperance Rally.

A grand Prohibition Rally was held in the Salvation Army barracks on Temperance Sunday evening, and proved a decided success. The speakers were the Rev. Mr. Grant, of the Baptist Tabernacle, and Rev. Mr. Scott, of the King St. Methodist Church.

Besides the usual Army congregation, there was present a throng of our church friends and others, so that the seating capacity of our barracks was completely utilized.

The addresses of both ministers were full of power and vim, and point after point was scored from the enemy. All present were compelled to face the individual responsibility in regard to the question at issue on Dec. 4th. Enthusiasm and interest were aroused. We of the Salvation Army join heart and hand in all Christian endeavor to pull down the strongholds of sin. Adj. and Mrs. Walker, our present leaders, have been working heartily with the friends of the Temperance cause. Through God we shall do valiantly.—M. Kennedy.



The Referendum.

The Referendum, taken in the Province of Ontario, resulted in a vote of 171,880 for, and 91,906 against prohibition, leaving a majority of 79,974 for prohibition. It is surprising that the cities have polled a strong vote, and have shown to greater advantage for prohibition, while the country has acted very indifferently, although in all cases but five returning a majority for prohibition. The majority is not sufficient to bring the Liquor Act into force, but the public sentiment has so decidedly condemned the bar-room that it is confidently expected some legislation abolishing the saloon will be enacted in the near future.

The Venezuelan Situation.

An ominous cloud has arisen. The little South American Republic, Venezuela, torn by civil war, has repeatedly refused to meet her financial obligations towards European Powers, chiefly Germany and Great Britain, which Governments have formally served an ultimatum and sent a fleet of warships to enforce their claims. The vessels of the Venezuelan navy have been seized, some sunk, and an old fort bombarded in reprisal for an insult offered to the British flag. A blockade of the coast, and a seizure of the customs are contemplated. Fortunately there appears to be a possibility that the whole question will be submitted to the U. S. A. Government for arbitration, which solution we sincerely hope will become practical, and a deplorable war avoided in this manner.

Canadian Cuttings.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says the C.P.R. was unable to get all the locomotives it required owing to the very prosperous condition of manufacturing.

There has been an increase in the number of commitments for drunkenness in Ontario during the past year over the number in the previous year.

It is reported that an English syndicate seeks a concession of 2,000,000 acres in New Ontario for colonization purposes.

The railway companies have difficulty in obtaining a sufficient supply of coal.

By-laws were carried by Owen Sound ratepayers to purchase the electric light and gas plants, and to exempt the lined oil establishment from taxation for ten years.

Sir William Mulock has notified the Canadian Manufacturers' Association that he is considering a plan to establish a direct Atlantic service between Canada and New Zealand.

Sir Frederick Borden will introduce a bill to amend the militia act next session, which will probably provide for an increase in the permanent force.

Another flowing oil well has been struck in Raleigh Township, on the Pardo farm.

American Paragraphs.

Four thousand anthracite miners, working for independent operators, threaten to strike unless grievances are redressed.

Hundreds of infected cattle in the State of Vermont will be slaughtered.

Mrs. Grant, wife of the former United States President, died at Washington.

A union railroad station to cost \$4,000,000 is to be built at Washington.

The conference at Detroit passed resolutions favoring reciprocity with Canada, and several thousand dollars were subscribed to start a campaign in the United States to that end.

A commercial treaty between Cuba and the United States was signed, but remains to be ratified by the Senators of both countries.

Six men are reported to have been killed in a wreck on the Northern Pacific Railroad, ten miles from Minneapolis.

The Committee on Agriculture of the United States Congress asks \$1,000,000 to fight the cattle disease in the New England States.

Two Russian immigrants, after being rescued from freezing in the streets, blew out the gas in a room provided by their benefactor, and were found dead in bed.

Four men were killed and ten injured, three probably fatally, by the explosion of a box of dynamite in No. 5 mine of the Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

British Briefs.

By agreement Britain will build a railway line through Abyssinia, connecting the Sudan with Uganda territory.

The published text of the proposed reciprocity treaty with the United States gives satisfaction in Newfoundland.

Four schooners, four with a crew of ten men, were lost during furious storms off Newfoundland.

John McKeever, charged with having murdered Mr. Kensit, the anti-ritualistic crusader, was acquitted.

Lord Lansdowne expressed hopeful opinions regarding conditions in Ireland.

Queen Alexandra gave a Christmas dinner to widows and orphans resident in London of those who fell in the South African war.

Widespread distress is reported throughout Britain.

International Items.

The bakers and butchers have struck work at Marseilles in sympathy with the striking dock laborers.

A report at Aden says that the Mad Mullah was assassinated.

The Steamer Flora was wrecked near Antwerp. Seven of her crew were drowned, and nine, including the captain, were saved.

Many people were frozen to death in Germany during the recent cold spell.

The rebels in Morocco continue to make headway against the Sultan's forces.

A hitherto unknown and excellent portrait of Martin Luther was found at Wittenberg, Germany.

Garibaldi Found the Lamb.

General Garibaldi, it is related, met one evening a Sardinian shepherd, who had lost a lamb out of his flock, and was in great distress because he could not find it. Garibaldi became deeply interested in the man, and proposed to his staff that they should scour the mountains and help to find the lost lamb.

A search was organized, lanterns were brought, and these old soldiers started off full of earnestness to look for the fugitive. The quest was in vain, however, and by and by all the soldiers returned to their quarters. Next morning Garibaldi's attendant found the General in bed and fast asleep long after his usual hour for rising. The servant aroused him at length, and the General rubbed his eyes and then took from under his bed coverings the lost lamb, bidding the attendant to carry it to the shepherd. Garibaldi had kept up the quest through the night until he had found the lamb.

Rev. J. R. Miller, referring to this little incident, says: "This illustration helps us to understand how Jesus Christ seeks lost souls in this world of sin, continuing the search long after others have given it up, seeking until He finds."

He who has no secret power with God will have no public power with man.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Training Home Tips.

BY ADJT. C. A. PERRY.

War Cry selling at the T. H. is getting very interesting, especially in the saloons. Two lads recently entered a saloon, where they sold two War Crys, then were asked to sing a duet. They complied with the request, and while doing so a man the worse for liquor, who had bought one of the Crys, lit it and tried to set both the Cadets on fire when they were not looking. He failed, however, for the inmates were most demonstrative in their protest and wanted to eject him. When quiet was restored the duet was finished, and the lads sold eight other Crys.

Two lassie-Cadets found a young man in a saloon partly intoxicated. When asked if he had a sister he broke down and said, "Yes, but I wouldn't like her to see me here." Before the girls left him he asked for their prayers. Only one among the many!

Cry selling on the street is interesting also. An old lady was going to have the police on a Cadet because he tried to sell her a Cry. Her threat did not cause him any harm, and he marched on calmly.

A bit different was another incident. Two Cadets, in pushing our noble paper, happened to come to a large house. They each went to separate doors, when, to their surprise, they were both answered by the same lady. "What am I to do?" said she; "there is another Cadet at the other door." "You should buy of me," said Cadet No. 2, in an enterprising tone. So, to settle the matter, she bought one of both, giving five cents for each, thereby making two hearts glad. Such deeds of generosity and kindness help to brighten the War Cry pathway.

The Cadets think the Christmas Cry superb. One lad, returning from taking orders for it, was asked how many orders he got. "Oh, four," said he, "three orders for the Cry and one to 'get out.'" Cadets learn to take the bitter with the sweet.

The second "exams" are over. Such a tension for some of the poor lasses these last few days! They did confess to the note collector that they had been a bit worried, but they breathe freer now. The writer is not in a position to reveal just how they came out, seeing they but closed to-day. 4.30 a.m. found some Cadets up studying. I sincerely hope their self-denial brought them a good reward in totals. Now, Cadets, for the final.

The lasses are still sewing for the Christmas distribution. The treat sent in by their beloved Commissioner the other day was much appreciated by them. "We want to express to the Commissioner our deepest thanks," they say.

Yes, even in the midst of this joyous season our Cadets find in visitation sad hearts and unhappy lives. These they seek to comfort, thereby bringing true joy to the sorrowing, which rebounds upon themselves, for happiness is found in making others happy. Oh, that the world knew the secret.

The Colonel has promised to spend a full Sunday with the Cadets at the T. H., which event will be hailed with delight, in the near future. Come, Colonel, our appetites are whetted.

The Cadets have secured 100 names of poor children for the Christmas treat. It has been a great joy for them to be able to have a share in the happy affair.

Five new corps have been opened in Germany, and a new hall, in a very suitable neighborhood, is being opened in Berlin.



THE ARMY

ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE



Great Britain.

Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary, will soon arrive at our International Headquarters. The Commissioner is "timed" to arrive in London at once.

♦ ♦ ♦

The latest despatches from the Foreign Secretary more than confirm the highly-encouraging description of our own press as to the results of his visits to the various States of Australia. On personal, and especially on official, grounds, Commissioner Howard is profoundly impressed by the strong position we occupy in Australia, and is returning full of dreams as to our usefulness in the future there.

♦ ♦ ♦

In spite of the difficulty to obtain work at present, our Labor Bureau at Whitechapel, Eng., provided 543 men with employment during October.

♦ ♦ ♦

Now that the cold winter evenings have commenced, our Shelters in London are opened earlier. The "dossers" are thus enabled to exchange the cheerless streets for the warmth of the Shelter. That they appreciate this thoughtfulness is shown by the fact that every building is full at an early hour.

♦ ♦ ♦

The capture of the Glasgow City Hall for Salvation Army services, and the changes made in the working of the Clapton and Regent Hall corps, have attracted very considerable attention. Our comrades, however, are evidently only at the beginning of these special enterprises, for we now learn of another interesting appointment.

Lieut.-Colonel Ogrin, who served with distinction on the continent, and who has held two important positions in England, will, for the next few months, be wholly engaged in perfecting plans which are to be set on foot in connection with a number of corps in the South London Province, both in the City and Country Divisions, for the development of out-and-out, daring Salvation warfare.

It is hinted that other startling announcements will shortly be made.

The vacant Provincial Secretaryship thus created will be filled by Brigadier Gale, who brings to his appointment a ripe Field and Divisional experience, with the additional merit of a term of foreign service.

Australasia.

Brigadier Julius Horskins succeeds Brigadier Unsworth as Principal of the Australian Training Garrison.

♦ ♦ ♦

One of our Naval and Military Leaguers, in writing to Staff-Capt. Murray, announces that Salvation Army meetings have been held on the Island of Mauritius, one of the Army's coming battlefields.

Our comrade writes:

"We are stationed at Fort George, Port Louis. It is the principal town of the Island, and is a very dirty place. It has been described as the most cosmopolitan place in the world. I think nearly every nationality is represented, the majority being Indians, French, Chinese, and, if they may be classed separately, Creoles. I am sorry to say we were unable to get a place for our meetings in the Fort, but you will be glad to hear of a start having been made in town.

"H.M.S. Highflyer arrived here about a fortnight ago. I went on board to see if there were any Christians, and especially Salvationists, on her, and, praise God, I found about eight who were on the Lord's side! Being Leaguers, we talked the matter of meetings over, decided to ask for the L.O.G.T.'s room, and, praise the dear Lord, it has been placed at our disposal. Of course, we started right away, announcing that a meeting would be held the

following Sunday. Hymn-books were a difficulty. Our muster consisted of three Salvation Army song books (one English, two African), two Sankey's, a few War Cry's, and Temperance hymn-sheets. We started full of faith, and God was with us. One comrade sought and found Christ. The civilians present had never heard of the Salvation Army meetings, and said our way of conducting them was strange. Still they were interested, so we are having the meetings made known among the civilian population. Priestcraft rules this beautiful island, but we shall win it if we fight in the strength of our King."

A further letter says: "We have had our third meeting on the Island. God has blessed us. We have had one soul at each meeting."

South Africa.

The present issue of the South African War Cry is the last number on the old paper and size. Next week's issue will be on new and much superior paper, larger in size, with fresh headings; in fact, new from stem to stern.

We heartily congratulate our South African comrades on this advance. For years past, in consequence of the war, they have struggled through great difficulties.

♦ ♦ ♦

Brigadier Pearce, South Africa's Chief Secretary, has been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. Staff-Capt. Jordan, of the same Territory, has been made Major.

Belgium and Holland.

Ensign and Mrs. Schefer, who have faithfully worked for several months in Belgium, have been sent to fight in the Island of Java.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Harvest Festival in Belgium has been a marked success, and the income double what it was last year. The zeal and enthusiasm manifested in the different corps during the festival was splendid.

♦ ♦ ♦

A new corps was recently opened in Antwerp. The hall is situated in the very centre of the city.

♦ ♦ ♦

Brigadier and Mrs. Palstra, so well known in Belgium, were chosen by the General to go and take direction of the work in the Transvaal, under the direction of Commissioner Kilbey.

South America.

Brigadier Maidment has traveled extensively, more particularly through the north of the country, for the extension of the Army work.

♦ ♦ ♦

In the south, the condition of the country is in such a state that a few officers who had been sent for a special exploration were compelled to abandon the work and come back with their health much impaired.

♦ ♦ ♦

A faithful soldier and servant of the Lord, Ensign Dovat, was promoted to Glory last month.

France.

France's Self-Denial effort has been a decided success. Last year \$2,795 was raised; this year's amount is about \$3,200.

♦ ♦ ♦

More and more the Salvation Army is gaining the sympathy of the French people. Several dailies and magazines have written long articles or editorials on our Social work.

The Signal, one of the most influential papers, said: "We have been glad to hear and learn about the Salvation Army. We have no doubt the Army is doing great and noble work."

The Cloche d'Alarme wrote: "The Hotelier

opened by the Salvation Army in Paris is a most essentially Christian work."

The Revue Philanthropique commented as follows: "The Salvation Army has rightly thought that it is better to found social and philanthropic work for the working people, rather than founding a mere assistance work, in the city of Paris, which already has so many."

♦ ♦ ♦

Ex-President Casimir Perier showed his appreciation of the Army work in sending forty francs to our French Headquarters.

♦ ♦ ♦

Commissioner Raiton has found his way to the hearts of the French people. Wherever he goes he is sure to be loved at first sight.

♦ ♦ ♦

An impressive ceremony was held in Paris when the three babies of Brigadier Peyron-Roussel, Staff-Captain Lourdes, and Captain Balanda were consecrated and presented to the Lord.

Switzerland.

Staff-Capt. Von Tavel has been appointed J. S. Secretary for Switzerland.

♦ ♦ ♦

Staff-Capt. Spennel, and several officers of the Swiss Staff, are very ill. The Staff-Captain has been for several weeks in the Lausanne Hospital.

West Indies.

Commissioner Cadman is drawing to a close a very successful visit to the West Indies. Concerning a letter the Commissioner wrote to the Chief of the Staff, the latter says: "I was cheered and touched by the following from one of his letters. It is another instance of the Army's influence at the extremes of human suffering and sorrow. The Commissioner was invited to visit the Leper Settlement, near Spanish Town, Jamaica, and to conduct meetings with the inmates. He says:

"I need not say how I felt when looking into their disfigured faces. My heart was stirred with emotion towards them. From the commencement of the meeting to the finish, was a real Holy Ghost time. They entered heartily into the singing, and they sat and drank in every word that was uttered. The love of God was revealed and manifested to these dear people, and we finished up with about twenty seeking salvation.

"The superintendent was more than pleased with our visit, and said what a great chance of joy it was to these dear people."

♦ ♦ ♦

We extend our sincere congratulations to the Editor of the West Indian War Cry and his bride. We learn their wedding was a very pretty and impressive one, and was witnessed by one of the biggest audiences the Army has had in Jamaica, fully a thousand people being present.

Ensign Richardson left a clerkship in London Solicitor's office to take his first Army appointment, seven years ago, which was to the Trade Headquarters. Field work followed, then an appointment as Divisional Secretary. He has done nearly three years' service in the West Indies, the whole of which time has been spent at Territorial Headquarters.

Mrs. Richardson's first acquaintance with the Army was made in British Guiana, from which colony she entered the Training Home in 1900. She has held three commands in the West Indian Field, viz.—Sav-la-Mar, Spanish Town, and Port Antonio.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

DAILY READINGS.

SUNDAY.

"They shall hallow my Sabbaths."—Ezek. xiv. 24.

Christians are apt to become too indifferent as to how they spend their Sundays. Stonewall Jackson laid down a law for himself of the utmost severity on this question, from which he never swerved. He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its destination, and if so he would not post it until Monday morning. His own letters he would not read on the Sabbath, but rose with the sun on Monday morning to read them. He owned at one time a considerable amount of stock in a northern railroad, which did as much business on the first day of the week as any. As soon as he discovered this he sold out all his shares, and took stock from another company whose dividends were far inferior, because they did not indulge in this amount of Sunday traffic. In all we do on His Holy Day, let it be done to His glory.

MONDAY.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—Sol. ii. 17.

"Blue Monday," is a common expression. Why should not all our days be *Sun-days*? Like most garments and most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and, by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and, by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. It is a great pity so many carry such solemn faces. A cheerful countenance will greatly assist in making the rugged paths of life smooth.

TUESDAY.

"An high look and a proud heart . . . is sin."—Prov. xxi. 4.

Pride is an abomination to God. Let us be free from it, as Salvationists.

Our West Indian comrades were having an open-air in the streets of a Jamaican town some few years ago, when one of the proudest store-keepers, a white man, knelt down at the roadside to be prayed for. "Lord, break my proud heart!" was his cry. He got converted as he knelt there that night, and, removing to Kingston shortly afterwards, used sometimes to testify in our meetings, although, like a few others, he had joined a church. Some years passed by. "A dying man wishes to see you," said a messenger one day at the close of a meeting, "come with me." And I followed him to find out that it was this same gentleman, whose body had been wasted away until I hardly recognized him, but whose spiritual life, I could see, was brighter than ever. "I wanted to tell you that I have never regretted kneeling down in the street that Saturday night—it was the turning point of my life. My feet are already in the River of Death, but I am not afraid, for Jesus will carry me safely across."

WEDNESDAY.

"And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us."—Eph. v. 2.

The first great Blondin repeatedly crossed the cataracts of Niagara on a tight-rope in the presence of assembled thousands. On one occasion he went even so far as to wheel a child across in a barrow. What he had done before, and done successfully, he thought he could do again. At the last fatal day, at the critical moment, his head reeled, and he fell into the foaming torrent and was lost. None of those applauding thousands could help Blondin in his moment of disaster. Neither can others help us in sorrow, sickness, death, or the judgment. However, we can follow in the footsteps of Christ through the perilous journey of life. In doing so we have every confidence of reaching heaven.

THURSDAY.

"Humble yourself in the sight of the Lord, and He shall lift you up."—Jas. iv. 10.

"The end of preaching," said George Herbert, "is praying." A minister observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pick-axe, and kneeling to get at his work the better, said to him, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you break these stones." The man replied, "Perhaps, master; you don't work on your knees."

FRIDAY.

"Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love."—1 Thess. i. 3.

"Of what did he die?" asked Alexander the Great, when someone told him of a friend's death.

"Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "But," replied the great conqueror, "that is enough to kill even a general!"

A Salvationist must have something to do. Whether he ever be an officer or not, he should add to the amount of skill or learning, and especially of lasting good, that there is in the world. He has no discharge from this war during his earthly life. He must not be a drone in the human hive.

The curse pronounced on the first parents was not that they should *work*, but that they should *work* "in sorrow." But when the sorrow is taken out of one's heart by the grace of God, and our hearts are full of love and gratitude to Him, then the work—of whatever character it is—may be our joy, and in doing it we shall best serve our God. Have you got something definite in your life to do, and are you doing it well?

SATURDAY.

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life: and he that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. xii. 30.

"The surging sea of perishing souls rolls up to the very spot on which you stand. This is no vision or imagination I speak of now. It is as real as the Bible; as real as the Christ who hung upon the cross; as real as the Judgment Day will be, and as real as the heaven and hell that will follow it."—*The General*.

Bible Readings from Jamaica.

SAUL, THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

When King Saul had lost his blessing, and had backslid from his God;
When his life became distressing, and so drear the pain he trod;
When he felt 'twas no use praying to the One he'd disobeyed,

He surrendered his salvation, and, it seems, was not afraid
To seek out familiar spirits, for, we're told, he searched around,
And, p'r'ps thinking he was lucky, he the witch of Endor found.

She had hid for months from justice, for he'd passed a royal decree,
Ere he turned a poor backslider, to imprison such as she;
So much so that when he wanted—though disguised he did appear—

Her to hold communication, she demurred from very fear.
Only when he swore and told her he would not her trust betray,
Did she get a little bolder, and bring up the dead that day.

It is bad when men in darkness seek the light that is no light,
Yet since they have "eyes that see not," they can scarcely see aright;
But when those who *have* salvation, seek some other guide and way,

It is hard to understand them, notwithstanding all they say.
I know well some brethren tell us that the soul that once is free

Cannot lose the gift that's given—throw away its liberty.

Tommyrot! Oh if they'd follow some who have been born of God

They would find that, as backsliders, they've been laid beneath the sod.

Saul himself is an example, "made into another man"

Tried, rejected—let them say that he's in heaven, if they can!

Nobody shall separate us from the love of God.

Just so—
But it does not say we cannot separate ourselves, you know!

Had the witch of Endor ever, ere this, raised the righteous dead?

Doctors differ much about it; in the Bible 'tis not said.

There's no reason to believe that witchcraft had another aim

Than our modern Spiritualism—it is different but in name;

We no longer call them witches who are known as mediums now—

They are not so old and ugly, but are much the same, somehow.

(Well I know what I am saying—I investigated much,

When I sought for satisfaction, where I never could find such.)

They do not lead to salvation, but as Satan clothed in white,

Bring forth only lying spirits, keeping hell well out of sight;

Just enough of truth to puzzle, and to lead on itching ears,

But no helpful information to alay a pilgrim's fears.

P'r'aps Saul's case was an exception; Samuel really did appear,

But his coming was not helpful, and he spoke no word of cheer.

He rebuked the Lord's rejected—"Why hast thou disquieted me?"

Answered Saul, "The Lord's departed, and His face I cannot see;

All the Philistines distress me, and it is no use to pray

To the God who will not answer, and has turned His love away."

Then said Samuel, "Can I help thee? I who would not, if I could.

Why wert thou so disobedient? It has happened as it should;

And, moreover, God will let thee be to-morrow with the slain,

And the Philistines shall triumph over Israel again."

Then Paul fell, it is related, to the earth, and was afraid

Of the spirit-revelation, and the seance he had made.

Adj't. Phillips.

Guard Against Discouragement.

Dr. J. R. Miller, speaking of the importance of our guarding against discouragement, tells us some plain, practical truths. He says: "When once we come under its influence, it makes us weak, robbing us of our hope and making cowards of us. Many a life is discovered and drawn down to failure through discouragement. It is surely a sad picture—this greatest of the old prophets lying there under the little bush, in the wilderness, longing to die. If Elijah had died then and there, what an inglorious ending it would have made of his life! As it was, however, he lived to do further glorious work and to see great results from his contest with idolatry. God was kinder to him than he knew. It is wrong to wish ourselves dead. Life is God's gift to us, a secret trust for which we will have to give an account. While God keeps us living He has something for us to do. Our prayer should be for grace to do our duty bravely and well unto the end. From Elijah's after-experience we learn that we should never be cast down by any discouraging experiences. The things we think have failed are often only slowly ripening into rich success. 'We have only to be faithful to God and to duty, and we may always rejoice.' What seems failure is often best success."

HOME, SWEET HOME

BY LEUT.-COL. MRS. READ.

UPON another phase of home training one writer has said: "What has become of family prayers? What has become of the old-fashioned home where they all gathered about a common centre—

*'When evening's calm pleasures were nigh,
When the candles were lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?'*

When the big Bible was brought out and the family were called together, children and servants as well, and the grey-haired father read to them, and all knelt and prayed, and rose up and sang together? How many homes do we find now with altars in them? How many fathers and mothers kneeling in prayer with their children around them?

"After the day's work is done, men and women bound by ties of blood or relationship, should pause for a moment and take counsel and rest together in the refreshment of loving companionship and the stimulus of mutual sympathy."

THE BEST IS NOT TOO GOOD.

I hope fathers and mothers will remember that the best is not too good for their children. Give them the best. I do not mean the first places and the best clothes. That is a mistake, for children should be taught to serve and sacrifice, to wait, and to take the second place. But the best of *yourselves*. Be hospitable to the stranger, but do not save your best, most interesting self for company. Think of others outside your home, but do not give all the treasures of your mind to them.

William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English, and afterwards burned at the stake as a martyr, once wrote: "Banish me to the end of the world if you will, only let me preach the Gospel and teach little children." He was willing to give his best to the children.

While in England last year, I was very much touched by the story of a cultured clergyman in the East End of London, who spent a great part of his afternoons playing his violin to a little cripple boy. He is a clever musician and has the power to attract and charm with his musical skill the educated part of his parish, but he is satisfied to make the lonely hours of a poor, deformed child of the slums happier with his gift.

THE HAPPIEST PLACE.

Take the trouble to know the weak points of the children as well as their strong points, take an interest in their joys and sorrows—they are very real and important to them. Keep the confidence of your children, know their companions, watch over what they read, realize the importance of little things, do not let them get beyond your influence, pray with them about their sins and perplexities, *be your child's ideal*. Lead their young hearts to Jesus as their personal Redeemer. Give your best to the children. Make home the happiest place on earth. As you look at them now with their bright, winsome ways, their sweet, smiling eyes, rosy cheeks, and dimpled hands, you feel they are only fit to be loved and caressed. They will change by-and-by. The eyes whose only expression now is love and eagerness, will flash with intelligence and ambition. The fingers which are only fit to be kissed and work mischief now, will become skilful and useful by-and-by.

"I'm only smoothing the crushings out," cried the merry, precious little darling who made glad my heart for six happy Christmases, as I asked what she was so energetically working at one day. "Only smoothing the crushings out!" She has gone to a bright home where there are no roughnesses to be smoothed, but I hope the treasures in the homes of my readers

may be spared to work out the beautiful impulses of their childish hours, and then they will lift the burdens and untangle the problems in the after days, and you will find they will repay you for faithfully, lovingly, bearing your responsibility, and giving them your best.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE HOME.

*"Nor need we power nor splendor,
Wide halls or lordly dome;
The good, the true, the tender,
These form the wealth of home."*

One should be able to count the sands of the sea shore, measure up the drops of the ocean, and number the stars in the heavens, to form any adequate conception of the many, many blessings of the home.

Emerson says: "The true sense of civilization is not the census, not the size of the cities, not the crops; no, but the kind of men the country produces." It is the true, elevating influences of the home that go with men and women into life's arena and make them strong in the testing times. When life's battles rage fiercely, the teaching of the old home days comes back, and often proves an impenetrable armor. Poor, indeed, is the man or woman who has no remembrance of father's blessing or mother's prayers. I have personally dealt with hundreds of criminals, and the only one to whose heart there seemed no *entree*, no key, was a murderer who had taken his own mother's life. There was absolutely nothing to touch.

THE HOME CITADEL.

Fortify the citadel of the home. Our Empire has never witheld her noblest sons or the wealth of her treasury to defend her interest. We have welcomed with loud acclaim our brave heroes who, in the late South African war, rose to the emergency of the Empire's need, and have returned to their native land covered with international glory; but how little, in the peaceful environment of our fair land, we realize all the real horrors of that war and what our soldiers have suffered. So there are thousands to-day within the sheltered precincts of Christian homes who do not understand or comprehend the dangers to be found upon life's battlefield, nor the dark subtleties of the home's enemies, and the peril to their loved ones.

No mother who watches with tender love the bundle of dainty laces and muslins so sweetly sleeping in the cosy nursery, where nothing is spared that affection can suggest or money purchase, dreams that her child may go astray. No father, who marks with parental pride the development of his sturdy, bright, little son, imagines the possibility of the little one lapsing into the ways of evil. The mother looks forward to the day when the sweet baby will blossom into fair girlhood, and the father anticipates the time when the son will be the sharer of his ambitions, and bring about the realization of all his proudest hopes.

"Do you find those who have had good home influences easier to reclaim?" a minister asked me once. I gave the subject serious consideration, and gathered statistics which prove that those who lapse into the ways of evil from Christian homes, are much more easily won back to lives of purity and virtue, than those who have no Christian training.

"My God! do not dare to speak that name here!" exclaimed a poor fallen one once, when I approached her in a house of sin. She seemed so hard and careless, and so apparently indifferent to all my pleadings. But when I spoke of the old childhood days and mentioned mother's love, though the tears stood in her eyes, she cried out fiercely in protest that she would not have her mother's name even mentioned in that vile place.

A PRISON SCENE.

One of the many touching scenes I have witnessed was in the Kingston Penitentiary. Through the courtesy of the Warden I was conducting a service one Sunday afternoon. What a sight met my eyes as I stepped into the chancel of the chapel! To the right was the splendid organ—skilfully played through the service by a clever, convict-organist—and about thirty persons, seated on slightly elevated seats, formed the choir. Before me a sea of faces of about seven or eight hundred men, old and turrowed, upon whom the storms of life had beaten roughly; middle-aged men, whose wives and children were deprived of husband's and father's love and protection, and young men, with bright, intelligent, alert faces. Boys, too—quite a crowd of boys—youths who, through strong drink, or under the stress of sore temptation, had fallen into the fowler's snare. How varied were the expressions that played upon their countenances during the hour and a quarter of service. First, upon some faces, curiosity was written, then expectation, later interest—a smile once or twice—and, before the close, many a rough sleeve was used to brush away the falling tear.

A few days previous to my visit I had been entrusted with a loving message, by a mother, to her boy of eighteen, who was incarcerated in the prison. Wishing to form a link which should open the prisoners' hearts to receive my after-message of Divine mercy, I mentioned this, saying, "I hope to have the pleasure of delivering that message personally at the close of the service, for that boy sits before me somewhere."

At the close of the meeting a large number crowded up to the chancel to speak to me, and anxiously asked, "Tell me, was that message from my mother? My name is ——" It was pathetic indeed to see the dear fellows turn away sadly, so disappointed that the message was not for them. One man upon whose face lines of sin were strongly traced, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, I wish you had a message for me from my mother!"

Oh, the sacred, hallowed memories that gather about the magic word "*home*." No one will know until the "Books of Remembrance are opened," from what evils it has restrained, or to what heroic deeds it has inspired.

It is said that during the Crimean War, at the fall of Sebastopol, one evening an English military band played, "*Home, Sweet Home*." The soldiers who listened burst into tears, they forgot their suffering and hardship and were nerved with fresh courage for their warfare during the singing of that sweet, stirring song.

The thought of the humble, old home, with its simple prints on the wall, and its pretty flowers in the little front garden, with the father and mother sitting beside the evening lamp, and the good, old Book on the table, how great its influence! The picture of mother at prayer, or the memory of father's admonition, has often been more powerful than the most eloquent sermon in bringing the children to Christ.

"TAKE ME HOME TO DIE."

This has been the request of thousands in the hour of life's gathering shadows, when death's hand had seemed to grip the heart. The same cry has come from Emperor and peasant.

The little news-lad injured by the careless driver in the busy street, moaned, "Take me home, please."

The Emperor of a quarter of the world's peoples, stricken down with disease and pain, in the midst of the pomp and magnificence of coronation preparations, uttered the same wish—"Take me home to Sandringham to die."

O blessed home, whether a cot or a palace, if love reigns supreme, is the citadel of happiness, and the sweetest, most sacred earthly spot! Surely it is but a type of the land of "Many Mansions."

Few men know the profound adjustments between speech and silence. Speech is a blight that can suck up the sea itself. The fig tree that has run wild in rank foliage is accused. Speech, again, like the heavenly winds, causes the overflow of all noble ideas and sympathy.

The War Cry.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to Evangeline Booth.
All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

- Lieut. Cusiter to be Captain at Morden.
- Lieut. Cook to be Captain (2nd) at Regina.
- Lieut. Nuttall to be Captain at Grafton.
- Lieut. Hamilton to be Captain at Summerside.
- Lieut. White to be Captain at North Head.
- Lieut. Munroe to be Captain at Bridgetown.
- Lieut. McDonald to be Captain at Digby.
- Lieut. Meikle to be Captain (2nd) at Port Hood.

Appointments—

- ADJT. ALWARD, furlough, to Fargo Corps and District.
- ADJT. A. HAYES, Fargo, to Grand Forks Corps and District.
- ENSIGN McCANN, Burk's Falls, to Owen Sound.
- ENSIGN J. ANDREWS to Eastport.
- ENSIGN AMY BROWN, of Carleton, to Port Hood, C.B.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorials.

The Prohibition Vote.

While the vote polled in the Ontario Referendum in favor of prohibition did not reach that high figure which the Liquor Act demanded, the great majority for the measure is certainly a healthy and encouraging sign to all lovers of progress and reform. The population of Ontario has clearly shown that the bar-room is an evil, and the propagator of many other evils. We hope and pray that the result of the referendum may be a more determined effort to close the saloon, and so remove the temptation to, and the cause of, many sins. If that can be satisfactorily accomplished in Ontario it will go a long way towards like measures in other Provinces. It will be a happy day for many a home and family when the bar-room is discarded as a relic of barbarism.

1903.

The old year is passing through the portals of the Past, taking with it its archives 'the records of triumph or defeat. Its victories will remain immortal memories, and its failures will be beyond the power of keenest remorse to alter or obliterate.

Before us appears the New Year, swinging wide open the door of opportunity, revealing the light of hope in the future. Let us, then, look forward and upward, determined the opportunity in its flight shall not escape us, but that every day of the new year shall find us redeeming the time, to bless mankind, to comfort the sorrowing, to aid the needy, and to turn wandering feet into straight paths.

The General at Des Moines, Ia., and Denver, Col.

(By Wire.)

Sunday should have been a day of rest. The General, however, believing in hard labor, put in a full day at Des Moines. Governor Cummings, of Iowa, who presided in the afternoon, said he was proud to meet the General, and spoke in the highest terms of the Army's work. The vice-presidents included State and city officials. Opera House was crowded again and again with thorough representative crowds. The General denounced sin in unmeasured terms. Consul, though weak in body, was a great help and inspiration to all. Powerful conflict in prayer meeting, followed by glorious triumph. Soldiers and officers fought valiantly. Faith and works recorded by thirty-three souls. General holding his own.—COLONEL LAWLEY.

(By Wire.)

Although there was deep snow everywhere, the General's Sunday at Denver will live forever in the memory of those privileged to be present.

From morning until night the crowds hung upon his words. He ploughed deep; sleepy consciences were awakened, careless souls alarmed, and desperate sinners were compelled to face God at Calvary, heaven, hell, as seldom before.

The prayer meetings were well fought out. God especially used Consul in bringing thirty husbands, with their wives, to Christ.

Big, broad Western men cried like children. Many souls knelt at the cross. The conversions were thorough, the quality excellent.

The General holds up well. God has all the glory.—COLONEL LAWLEY.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire at Winnipeg.

EXCELLENT START OF SPECIAL CAMPAIGN.

(By Wire.)

We had a magnificent start with our Winnipeg campaign. Over thirty souls sought salvation. Fight is raging in spite of thirty-five below zero. Large crowds. Seventy dollars offerings. Brigadier Southall and Provincial Staff assisted. Souls coming to the mercy seat from all parts of the building. Pathetic scenes. Sixty attended converts' meeting yesterday; thirty of them going to be enrolled. Victorious times ahead. Report coming later. Hallelujah! —LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE.

Territorial Newslets.

Brigadier Southall, who has been in command of the North-West Province for a little over three years, is under orders to farewell.

The Cadets have been creditably assisting Major Stewart and Ensign French with the making of certain and sundry garments to go in the Commissioner's Christmas parcels.

The total financial results of the G. B. M. boxes last year are several hundred dollars in advance of the previous year. This is very gratifying, and a continuance of this whole-hearted toil on the part of our G. B. M. Agents, and the generosity of our friends, will, we are sure, make certain even a greater increase the coming year.

As we go to press many on Headquarters are putting in a little extra work on account of the fifteen hundred Christmas dinners the Commissioner has arranged to provide for the poor in the city of Toronto. The people have responded to the Commissioner's appeal in a very creditable manner, and at the present time it appears there will be little difficulty in providing a sumptuous Christmas dinner to the number mentioned.

Ten Cadets left the Editorial Office with huge signs announcing the dinner, at the end of a long pole, and a small collecting box, on Saturday last, and although only being out a couple of hours, received from the generous public of the city nearly sixty dollars.

The printers, and all connected with the Trade Department, deserve a word of praise for the manner in which they pushed through with the Christmas Cry, which occasioned no little extra toil and skill. Few outside of those connected with the Department know the amount of labor involved in getting out such a large edition. It has, at times, required a staff of nine to do no more than put the Cry in shape and stitch it—not to say anything about the etching, the setting up of the type, and the printing. While many have been in slumber these toilers of the night have pushed ahead with the Christmas Cry and Young Soldier,

and as a result we have been able to present to our readers these two pleasing numbers.

I have just overheard the remark in the outer office: "I am so grateful to you. Times are so hard, and coal is high. My husband has been sick for two years." This woman was accompanied by seven others in like distress. To such, Christmas dinners will be a boon.

In addition to what the Commissioner is doing in the city of Toronto, Brigadier Southall will provide two thousand dinners in Winnipeg. Brigadier McMillan fifteen hundred in London. Ont., Brigadier Turner one thousand in Montreal, Brigadier Pickering one thousand in Hamilton; at the latter place the Commissioner will preside. These dinners will be supplemented by others at the Commanding Officers' discretion in other cities and towns throughout the Territory.

Since the General's visit to Winnipeg, an interesting letter has been received from Brigadier Southall, in which he says: "Everybody was delighted with the campaign. The General's visit aroused a great deal of interest in the city, which has remained, and the influence of the meetings will be felt for a long time to come."

Opening of London II.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan, assisted by Major Rawling, Adj. and Mrs. Orchard, of the Soul-Saving Troupe, and Lieut. Webber, opened London No. II. corps on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 13th and 14th. Owing to the very severe weather, the crowds were not so large as we expected. However, conviction was felt amongst the people, and we believe souls will be saved in the near future.

A nice little hall has been secured in the east end of the city, which has been painted and made very comfortable indeed. Adj. Scott, assisted by Lieut. Hinsley, is to be the officer in command.

THE COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH.

WILL CONDUCT A

UNITED WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

In the S. A. Temple Auditorium, Wednesday, December 31st, commencing at 11 p.m.

The Headquarters and Provincial Staff and all City Officers will be present.

COLONEL and MRS. JACOBS

WILL VISIT

SUDBURY, Sunday, January 4.
RAT PORTAGE, Tuesday, January 6.
WINNIPEG, Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 7, 8.
(Installation of new Provincial Officer.)
BRANDON, Friday, January 9.
CALGARY, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 11, 12.

The General's Westward Progress.

Duluth, Des Moines and Kansas City Add to the Long List of Marvellous Meetings.

The General in Duluth.

One by one the towns marked out for this tour are being visited, and one by one they are taken off the program, and we leave them behind. It seems but the other day since we heard the yelling, hooting, booming, and whistling in New York Harbor. And now the General and party are seen almost in the centre of this mighty American Continent.

The run from Minneapolis to Duluth was a most interesting one, traveling, as we did, right through the track of the mighty forest fires of eight years ago, when, in the small town of Luckley and the immediate neighborhood, no less than five hundred men, women, and children perished in the flames.

Duluth is a large and ever-growing city, situated, as it is, at the head of the great inland sea, known as Lake Superior. This lovely lake city was alive with expectation. Americans and Scandinavians alike were on the tip-toe of desire to see and hear our world-known and world-loved General, for, as one of the citizens said, "Everybody wants to see your General."

The following extract from the Duluth News will give our readers some idea of the mighty crowds that attended the First M. E. Church, and that in spite of a very cold snap, to hear from our leader's lips of the wonderful works and miracles of grace wrought through the blood of the Lamb, beneath the blood-and-fire, and this on a Thanksgiving Day.

(Duluth News.)

Veteran Leader of the Salvation Army Addresses a Great Concourse of People at First Methodist Church—Scores are Turned Away.

"The largest crowd that ever filled the First Methodist Episcopal Church sat motionless and spell-bound for an hour and thirty-five minutes last night while an aged, white-bearded man, tremulous and feeble as he rose, poured forth in ringing tones a volume of oratory such as has been seldom heard in the city. As he talked, he seemed to grow years younger, and, fired by the enthusiasm of his subject, sent his deep bass voice straight into the heart of every listener.

"Such a man is General William Booth, founder and head of the Salvation Army.

"A squad of policemen, stationed at the entrance of the church, began, at 7:30 o'clock, to turn throngs of people away from the doors. About 2,500 were unable to hear the famous speaker on account of lack of room. Women and men stood up on tip-toe, twelve deep, at the doors of the church, and listened breathlessly to the speaker, while during the entire address not one man or woman left the church.

"The General and his Staff met Mayor Ilugo and the vice-presidents in the Sunday School room, before the lecture, last night, and after being presented, mounted the platform.

"The Mayor, as the chairman of the occasion, spoke briefly, mentioning that on this day of special rejoicing and thanksgiving, it seemed fitting and proper that Duluth should hold one of the most famous gifts of the nineteenth century to the twentieth, the founder of one of the greatest movements of the age, a grand old man, whose works are known and blessed throughout the civilized world."

In addition to the General giving his lecture at night, he preached a Thanksgiving sermon in the morning to a crowded church, and pressed, as only the General can do, the importance of not having a mock Thanksgiving Day, but one that should bring glory to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

"God will accept nothing short of a living sacrifice. I cannot conceive of any offering consistent with His offering for you and to you, apart from that which includes your past, your present, your future, your substance, your all. God has been good to your wife, good to your children, good to your friends, and good

to you—and to this mighty nation. Let us join hands and hearts here to-day, and make such an offering as God, our Father, will accept with pleasure."

The General went on to explain how he had been very sorely tempted not to go in for the penitent form that morning, but said I feel I must, as there may be at least a few who are prepared to give themselves to God after the fashion described, so straight for the altar we went. True, the results were not as abundant as we would have wished, but to the glory of God I say it, we had the pleasure of pointing a few to Jesus, and once more our General was rewarded for his fight for souls.

The General was ably seconded throughout the day by Canada's much-loved and highly-valued Commissioner, who came over to accompany him back to Canadian Territory—Colonel Lawley.

Sunday at Des Moines, Ia.

Some have called it "the dry city," it having been one of the strongholds of Prohibition Legislation. That day has passed, however, and the drinking saloon decorates the streets pretty well as unsatisfactorily as elsewhere. Others have spoken of it as "the city of churches," and certainly if beautiful and numerous sacred edifices are to speak, it is blessed beyond its city contemporaries of sister States.

But if light unfulfilled turns to darkness, and the blessings of salvation ignored create the dry and thirsty land, then verily the acknowledged and deplored spiritual apathy which has settled down upon the people of Des Moines, presents a need which only the Spirit, and not merely the letter, of the law is able to deal.

So it seemed to us as we made our way on Sunday morning, through the falling snow and driving wind, to the beautiful and spacious theatre which was to serve as battleground for the day's campaign.

There was an atmosphere of spiritual expectancy which seemed to greet the General as he stepped upon the stage and expressed itself in the hearty and spontaneous welcome of the stranger crowd. The place was nearly filled by those whom neither snow nor wind could keep away, and believing that upon "the dry city" showers of blessing should fall, we started in upon the first meeting of the day.

It was the General's voice that lent new power to the song—

"Lord, through the blood of the Lamb that was slain,

Cleansing for me."

After which Colonel Higgins prayed that before the meeting closed that united petition just lifted in song should be definitely answered in the revolutionized hearts and lives of some present. Colonel Lawley took us on the wings of song to Pisgah's holiness heights.

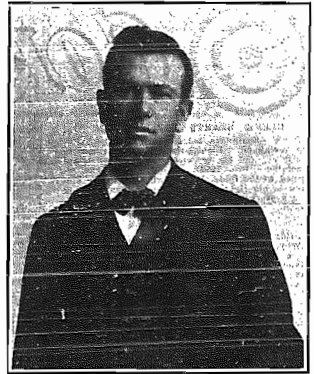
Then the General rose, and from that minute to the very last word spoken, sixty-five minutes later, the people appeared lost to every other thought, deaf, so to speak, to every other voice, and indifferent for the time being to every other claim but the burning, blessed, eternal truths which formed the foundation of his address.

"If we are going to improve the future,"

the General, "we must see where shortcomings have existed in the past, where our faith had been weak, where our consecration has been faltering, where our earnestness has been lacking, and where our love has been lukewarm. O Lord, here and now, while the opportunity of grace is with us, give us eyes to see."

And it seemed to us that while he was yet speaking God answered, "Let there be light," and the power of the Spirit filled the place.

When, a little later, the invitation is given, five men and women rose from their seats, and walking up the aisle with trembling feet and



Judge Cochran, who presided at the General's meeting at Grand Forks.

weeping eyes, knelt at the improvised mercy seat, claiming the promise for themselves.

Had the General been feeling a little weary, as his countenance had somewhat indicated a few minutes previously, every trace of it

was carried away with the sight of that vast crowd, packing every corner and cranny, until from ceiling to roof, the building presented one unbroken mass of humanity, and by the realization of what they could be and do for the betterment of mankind were they but once awake to their opportunity and responsibility.

His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Iowa, introduced the General with words which certainly will not be easily forgotten. Among other things he said:

"There are a great many of us who feel that we have fully performed the duties of existence when we refrain from actively committing an injury upon our fellowmen. This, however, is a most inadequate and imperfect conception of the obligation which the Ruler of the Universe has imposed upon humanity. Fortunately for the world, there are some men and some women who are willing to dedicate their lives and devote their energies, not to the promotion of that selfish interest which naturally stirs and fills the human heart, but to the betterment of humanity, to the alleviation of want and misery and suffering. They are willing to spend their days and their nights at the bedside of the sick and in the work of redeeming the wandering and the erring. This is the highest, the noblest, the best conception of duty of which the human heart is capable.

"I have long wanted an opportunity to express publicly my appreciation of the grand, noble, and untiring work that every day is being performed by these noble and unselfish men and women who have gathered under the flag of this Salvation Army, loved and esteemed throughout the whole world.

"In every army there is a leader. Every great movement has an origin. The Salvation Army has a leader (Applause) whose commanding figure towers above the Salvationists of the world, and has drawn to himself more love and more respect and more confidence than, at this moment, centres in any other human being. Of him it will be said, after he has passed to the beautiful shores of the hereafter, the best that ever can be said of any man, that the world is better because he lived in it.

It is a deep pleasure to me, and I assure you I deeply appreciate it, in introducing to you the leader of this gallant Army of humanity—General Booth."

Perhaps we could not do better than quote from the Des Moines Daily Capital, as to the impression the General's lecture upon his life-work produced. It says:

"Great movements develop from small beginnings. The forces of moral reform which sweep continents, and which anet the thought and opinion of an entire world, when traced to

(Continued on page 12)

The General's Westward Progress

(Continued from page 9.)

their original source, usually reveal the fact that the birth-hour of the idea itself contained apparently little prophecy of the revelations which should come with the fullness of time. One man saw the vision. Amid the silent watches, upon some lonely mountainside, the eye of the soul was permitted to penetrate the cloud-mists, beyond which others could not see, and it was enough.

"Thus it was with General Booth. At the age of twenty-five he became a minister. 'But I couldn't rest,' says the General; 'I wanted to get out into the wide sea of misery surging and sweltering around me. And so, believing I was called to do it by God, I went out and left every friend I had in the world.'

"Under such circumstances was inaugurated the movement which is to-day world-wide in its administration. Into the highways and hedges the young evangelist made his way. The church looked on, waited, and wondered. It was something new. Would it prove merely an evanescent manifestation, a spasmodic display of religious fervor, or would it prove an inspiring chapter in the Christianization of the world?

"Something like a third of a century has passed away since William Booth entered the slums of London and began his wonderful work. What has been accomplished? They have sought not only the moral and spiritual regeneration of men and women, but have undertaken to put them on their feet in a manner by which they can eventually attain industrial independence. They have taken the position that it is 'Christianity applied' which saves men and women and keeps them saved."

Then followed the statistics of the Army's present world-wide position. The same paper added a little later:

"If such a record of organized good Samaritanism fails to convince, it would be useless to waste time or space at a further attempt at enlightenment."

But the General was as ever not satisfied with merely speaking of the manner in which God had called him or used him, nor even telling of the triumphs that by his followers have been achieved. He must press the question home upon those particular hearers, as to what they are doing with their time and their chances, soon to pass for ever away. He must explain that, as an object lesson, the Salvation Army might be useful in inspiring others who may naturally have more capacity, and by circumstances be more favored, to arise and work while it is called to-day. And the last few moments constituted a very tender and touching season, as the General alluded to the fact that he was, in all human probability, near that night when man can do no more. We venture to think that closing appeal will never be forgotten.

There were expressions of hearty appreciation and thanks from Rev. A. B. Marshall and Rev. J. Everist Cathell, and then the whole audience, as with the voice of one man, expressed itself in gratitude for the General's visit and in desire to see him again in the one word that rang as a clarion bell from floor to ceiling, echoing in the farthest corners of the great auditorium,

"WELCOME."

If the afternoon meeting stands out as a red letter occasion in the history of this interesting and beautiful city, what shall we say of the night service?

Had anything less than a sweeping evidence of the conviction of sinners, the surrender of men, the salvation of souls, satisfied the General, surely the day had possessed all that could be desired.

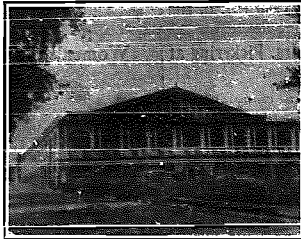
The crowd, in all its representative and varied character, had not failed us, indeed we might say it had exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

But this was not enough, and although the arrangements of the building, together with the fact that the train waited to carry the General away to his next field of labor, preventing

the continuation of the prayer meeting to the usual hour, combined to make circumstances not the most conducive to a successful result. The General whispered to a Staff Officer as he went on to the platform, "We must have souls to-night, we must have souls, or my heart will break!"

And from the first appeal in song, "Will you go?" which was taken up with increasing spirit as faith rose with each succeeding verse, to the last invitation spoken in the prayer meeting, the Lover of souls was with us, and the broken heart of Calvary's hero prevailed, and there was joy in heaven among the angels over that night's service in Des Moines.

The Consul prayed, and again the tender reminder of "Mother's prayer" was brought home to the sinner's soul by Colonel Lawley's song, and then the General was on his feet. Warning preceded appeal, the sheathless sword of truth was put in up to the hilt, sin was stripped of its polish and glitter, as God's messenger



Convention Hall, Kansas City.

stood between the living and the dead, speaking to those whom, as he reminded us, he should not in all probability see this side of the River again.

"How long is it going to be," he cried, "before you come to a definite decision regarding your soul's salvation? God Almighty struggles with men, seeks to win them by one means or another, follows them, strives with them, often bursts the bubbles of this world's satisfaction within their trembling grasp, that they may turn from the broken cisterns of earth to the everlasting springs of heaven."

And a little later, and as with trumpet note, he is imploring the undecided and the halting to remember the danger of their position. "Do not forget, do not forget," he cries, "you can be almost over the line of demarcation, you can have, so to speak, your very foot lifted to take the final step; you can be filled with good desires, bright hopes; tears of contrition can be in your eyes, you can be almost within the arms of pardoning love, and yet turn away to the outer darkness for ever and for ever. If I had power I would write it in your memories with the finger of living flame, that you can be nearly saved and yet altogether damned, missing the sweetest music ever heard on earth, and methinks nothing sweeter can find its echo in the skies. 'Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace and sin no more.'"

"Plead with them gently, Colonel," the General whispers, and the tender tones of the Colonel's voice shows that he appreciates the General's meaning.

"Who will be the first to lead the way to Jesus?" the Colonel asks, and still there is silence. One can almost see the wrestlings with the powers of darkness which are taking place in the troubled hearts of convicted sinners. Almost persuaded and yet hesitating—in the very valley of decision, and yet undecided—under the very shadow of Calvary, for verily the Spirit of Him who hung there hovered over that meeting, and yet longing to count the cost of earthly considerations.

"Sing, Lawley," the General pleads; "sing to help them." And the beautiful chorus which has been used in sweeping tens of thousands into the Kingdom was raised—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and from very far back among the crowd came a man up the centre aisle, murmuring the words—

"And that Thy blood was shed for me."

He knelt down, forming the first of the long procession of twenty-five which followed him before the meeting closed, to wash in the fountain for sin and uncleanness, which was opened for all in the Crucified side.

At the Gateway of the West.

It was with mingled feelings of anxiety and anticipation that we journeyed to Kansas City, that great gateway of the West.

The mammoth Convention Hall, with its far-famed seating capacity for some ten thousand people, had been secured.

It had come to our hearing that this vast auditorium provided the pulpit from which the great evangelist, Mr. Moody, had delivered his last message of salvation. Was it this lamented fact, combined with the measure of responsibility which falls to our lot as advisors at the General's side, that made us tremble in our honored leader's behalf before this huge claim upon his part?

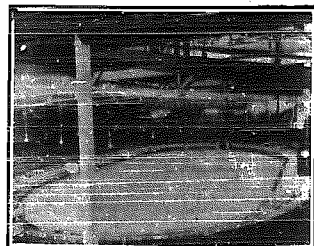
Indeed, to be candid, the interests of thousands ought to have weighed as much as the tremendous issues yet to be decided, and the fatigue, doubtless, was not the only factor.

It was the bearing of Kansas City, and reporters were gathering to besiege any and every member of the party for "copy."

As soon as the huge doors of the great amphitheatre were thrown open, unbroken streams of eager, hastening men and women were pouring in through the broad porches and along the marble porticoes to the labyrinth of seats, where it seemed they instantly dropped into comparative insignificance, long after one could number the audience by thousands strong. When the small hand of the massive clock neared the figure eight, the crowd of people was numbered by police and press at 7,000. Probably this was too high an estimate, but certainly the multitude of eager listeners has not been frequently outnumbered in a single congregation in the General's eventful experience.

From the moment that he stepped upon the stage, after a hurried hand-shake with the chairman and vice-presidents who were to add to the warmth of his welcome by their distinguished presence upon his platform, to the closing moment when he joined with voice that seemed to take the lead in the final anthem of praise, his heart, his brain, and his voice, by the blessing of God, proved equal to the occasion.

Among the opening remarks of the chairman, the Mayor of the city, Mr. James Reid, said:



Interior of Convention Hall, Kansas City.

"I deem it a distinguished honor to be called upon to participate in an occasion of this kind. I can remember, as you can remember, when Salvationists were driven from the streets, when they were arrested as disturbers of the peace, when they were thrown into jails and prisons, and when the voices of scorn found a universal tongue. But we can remember that the first startling lesson that was impressed upon us was the patience, the charity, the forgiveness, the kindness of these people who had been persecuted. We can remember that they con-

quered by gentleness, and that they persevered with the patience and faith of the saints. And we can remember that in a short time they were tolerated, a little later and a friendly feeling sprang up, and after a while praises for them and their work found again universal tongue where once had been universal condemnation.

"I want to simply express this one thought, that there never has been in the history of this world, and I think there never will be, a single great reform that has come from the top down to the bottom. Every great movement in the interests of humanity, every great movement towards the advancement of our race, has been a movement that has begun down in that strata of society which has been trampled upon and despised. From the day when Jesus gathered around Him the despised fishermen along the shores of Galilee down to the present, every great movement has grown from the ground toward the skies, and not from the skies toward the ground. The inspiration may have come from above, but the work has begun below."

The tale of the Salvation Army has often been told, but it seemed new in the Convention Hall that night. The theme of its past, present, and future was surely never so wide, so varied, so fascinating, as with the thrill of an inspiration it fell upon the ears of that mighty crowd. The Kansas City Times, in reporting the meeting, says:

"When General Booth began to speak, his strong voice and vigorous delivery, the vehemence which made his face stern and his eyes flash, proclaimed him a leader whose strength has not been seriously impaired by age. He is a striking figure on the platform. For many minutes together the forceful and earnest eloquence of the pulpit orator, deeply imbued with his mission, would flow uninterruptedly from his lips. He needed scarcely a pause to catch his breath, though many were granted by the frequent applause."

And so, as though on lightning wing, the minutes flew by. We could hardly believe our watches told the truth, as an hour and a half later we found the General still on his feet.

And it seemed to us that in the upturned countenances of that mighty, listening host we could catch the hearty response which the General's words had won. Men and women will rise up, if we mistake not, and go forth from that representation of practical Christianity, with wondrous record of Calvary's heroism, and by human instrumentality of Divine accomplishment, to be henceforth not merely better understanders and sympathizers of the work of the Salvation Army, but remembering too they have a responsibility, and by the grace of an impartial God, go forward to fill it.—E. M. B. T.

Major Howell at Windsor.

We are having wonderful times here in Windsor. Major Howell and Adj. Jennings spent a week-end with us, and we had the joy of seeing ten precious souls seeking for pardon. The meetings were full of interest. Sea-Captain Merriam said the Sunday morning's holiness meeting was the best he ever attended. The free-and-easy on Sunday afternoon was all that could be desired. The concertina duet by the Major and Adjutant was beautiful, also Capt. Martin's singing, accompanied by the band. The subject of the Major's address on Sunday night was, "The Fall of a Great Empire," which was listened to by a very attentive audience. The musical meeting on Monday, and commissioning of Local Officers, were very interesting. Encouraging words were spoken to the L. O.'s concerning their work. We feel that the meetings were a success in every way—good collections, good crowds, and, best of all, precious souls coming to Jesus. We hope it will not be very long before the Major and Adjutant will pay us another visit.

We have just received word that Staff-Capt. Turpin is coming for a few days.—J. S. S.-M.

Your preaching should, if possible, subside on the interest of your spiritual capital, so that your life be infinitely deeper than your words. He who lives on his capital is soon bankrupt.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gaskin at Lisgar Street.

(Special.)

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin favored the Lisgar St. corps with a special visit, conducting three special meetings on Sunday, Dec. 7th. The unfavorable weather deprived many from being present, but it was demonstrated once again that a good meeting does not depend upon the size of the congregation, but upon the presence of God and the liberty and freedom of His people.

The Lieut.-Colonel, like a leader whose soul is not influenced, or zeal abated, by outward circumstances, soon made his hearers feel that the purpose of his visit was to lead them nearer to God for such blessings as they were in need of.

The following subjects were announced for the meetings in question: At 11 a.m., "True Love"; 3 p.m., "Better than Gold," and at 7 p.m., "Mis-placed Tears," each of which were dealt with in an able manner, and the words and illustrations relative thereto were undoubtedly suited to the experiences of those present. As the result of the meetings people were encouraged, cheered, and inspired, and nine lukewarm followers of Christ sought and found the Holy Fire.

The day's fight was closed by singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," in the singing of which we all joined heartily.

May God bless Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin. We all say, "Come again."—W. H. B.

Major Archibald Visits Guelph.

(Special.)

Major Archibald, who visited Guelph for a week-end, reports the work in Guelph is on the upgrade; quite a number of men and women have made a start heavenward during the past four weeks. These new converts are creating much interest in the meetings, testify well, and are promising to become good soldiers.

Although the weather was intensely cold, the crowds were good all day Sunday. In the morning's holiness meeting two sought the blessing of a clean heart, and witnessed they had received the blessing they sought. The Sunday afternoon was set apart for the Major's lecture: "Crime, its Causes and its Cure." A splendid offering was taken up at the close of his address. The evening meeting brought another large crowd, and, when the invitation was given for souls, four young men volunteered right out and found salvation. The Treasurer, in counting the offerings for the day, stated the collections had trebled the average.

The Guelph officers and soldiers are going in on "good old Army lines" for an outpouring of God's spirit in their midst. The General's meetings were the means of much blessing to quite a number of soldiers who attended in Toronto—on their return home they carried the fire with them.

Evangelic Quartette Reorganized.

After a few weeks of furlough we have mustered again, and have got into working order. The Quartet is now composed of Ensign and Mrs. McElheny, Lieut. Corkum and Ogilvie.

Bear River was our first appointment. This place is noted for its revivals, and has as much Christianity to the square foot as any place we have yet visited. Practical sympathy was ours from all quarters. Christians of all denominations gave us a helping hand, and we were enabled to see, by God's power, thirty-three men and women seeking salvation. Several nights the place was well filled before the march, and we went right at it as hard as we knew how. Nearly sixteen hundred people attended the meetings during the week, and the finances equalled many places larger and more flourishing—\$37.35 being the total income.

The class of converts was about as good as any we have ever seen. More than two-thirds are taking their stand as soldiers. Everyone was pleased to see the old-time Secretary at his

post again, after two and a half years' absence from duty.

We were cheered by the presence and sympathy of two of the ministers of the town, with their wives. If you could have seen dear old Father Alcorn, a warrior of forty-six summers, in his element, getting sinners into the fountain you would have grown inside if not out. He was a sailor for many years, and recited his favorite poem, "The Port of Glory," with much effect, for God.

We shall not soon forget the words of counsel and cheer. The town magistrate and many other Christians gave us words of encouragement in the Sunday afternoon meeting. We missed Bro. Reid very much; he was ill. We enjoyed the hospitality of the friends immensely.

Adj. Wiggins, D.O., an "all round" man, was with us for our wind-up meeting, and expressed himself as highly pleased with the work, and prospects of the future for Bear River. Everyone enjoyed his visit very much, and would like to see him again very soon to enrol some twenty converts who are going to take their stand as soldiers.

We had the pleasure of starting the Sunday morning Junior meeting, which, with the push that the officers in charge are able to give it, will no doubt become a great factor in building up the future Salvation Army in this place.

The officers were kindness itself, as well as the soldiers. Many thanks to all. The Lord God continue to give them victory.

Off we go for Bridgetown for Friday night, with Major Howell, Chancellor, and Adjutant Jennings, D.O. of the Halifax District, thence to Liverpool, N.S., where you will hear from us again.

G. B. M. Notes.

West Ontario Province. By Ensign White.

At Seaforth the crowd was small, but the Box Agents have done fairly well, although a little behind some of the previous collections. Thank you, comrades, and push ahead.

We had a very fair crowd and income at Clinton. A new Agent, Bro. T. Bezzo, was appointed in the place of Mrs. Clark, who has moved away.

Mother Smith, of Goderich, has done well with her boxes. Mother loves the Army, and is interested in the work.

The box returns were better at Wingham than the last quarter.

At Listowel the crowd was rather small, and the returns a little low, but our comrades are busy building their barracks. God bless them.

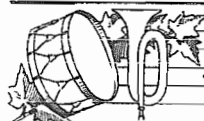
We had a very good week-end at Palmerston. The Saturday night was a rough, windy night, but we had a very fair turn-out. The returns were a little better than last quarter.

The crowd was very small at Drayton, owing to other attractions in the place, but the collections were good, especially from one of the box-holders.

We had a very good crowd at Guelph, and the best income for over twelve months at a lantern service. Great credit is due to Adj. McElharg, for taking so much interest in the same. Mrs. Smith, the energetic Box Agent, is pushing the G. B. M. work, and getting it into its proper place; and that place is, of course, in the front rank. The box returns were very good.

Law and love are one in God, but unreckoned in almost every man's personal life. Love is lawless, law is loveless.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.



Songs and Solos of the Week

Soldiers, Forward!

Tune.—*To the front, the cry is ringing.*
BY CAPT. MRS. FAR-ONS, AMHERST.

1 Every day I see around me
Souls in slavery of sin;
Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Lived and died their souls to win.
Swiftly they are rushing on,
Heedless of the awful danger
That awaits the unsaved one,
Who his day of grace has squandered.

Chorus.

Soldiers, forward! To the rescue let us quickly
run,
Till each precious unsaved soul for Jesus is
won.
Lord, touch our hearts with the blessed Calvary
passion;
Help us to feel their race is nearly run.

Dare we sit at ease and watch them
Sink into hell's endless woe?
No! We'll put forth every effort,
We will to the rescue go.
Down into the haunts of sin.
Filled with vice and degradation.
Fearlessly with Christ we'll go,
Seeking souls of every nation.

Grant us, Lord, the skill and wisdom,
Love and patience, power and strength.
That will fit us for the battle,
And will help us go all lengths.
Forward we will march along
In the strength of Christ, our Saviour,
Till each soul is brought to God.
And enjoy His smile and favor.

Press Forward!

BY CAPT. M. GIBSON, NEWPORT, I. E.

Tune.—*What a Friend we have in Jesus.*

2 We are fighting for the Saviour,
He who died upon the tree,
Bowed His head, and cried, "Tis finished!"
That from sin we might go free.
We will follow in His footsteps,
Though the way be dark and drear;
He will give us grace to conquer,
And the foe we'll never fear.

Chorus.

Comrades, let us, then, press forward,
Till the battle we have won,
Then we'll see our blessed Saviour,
Hear Him say the glad "Well done!"

Though the world may frown upon us,
And our friends on earth be few,
Jesus said He'll never leave us,
If His will we only do.
He has trod the path before us,
Bore the cross, despised the shame,
And His grace will be sufficient
If we trust in His great name.

We will fight until we conquer,
And the race on earth is run,
Till we reach the Land of Promise,
And into God's Kingdom come;
Then the warfare will be over,
And we'll stand in Him complete;
We will shout aloud, "Hosanna!"
Lay our trophies at His feet.

Sinner, won't you come to Jesus?
Time is quickly passing by;
Soon your chances will be over,
—Death is surely drawing nigh.
Though you've wandered long in darkness,
And your robes are stained with sin,
If you come to Christ, your Saviour,
He will gladly take you in.

A Happy New Year.

BY MAJOR J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune.—*Is my name written there?*

3 Dear comrades, I wish you
A Happy New Year!
May Jesus be near you,
To comfort and cheer.
May your soul be kept spotless,
May your pathway be bright.
In the fulness of blessing
May you always delight.

Chorus.

A Happy New Year!
A Happy New Year!
Dear comrades, I wish you
A Happy New Year!

Cling closer to Jesus,
Read much of His Word.
Pray often and earnest,
Your soul will be stirred.
Be watchful, be faithful,
Be joyful, don't fear;
Carry out these instructions
For a Happy New Year.

When crosses come, bear them;
When trials come, shout;
When blessings come, share them
With those round about.
Speak often to Jesus,
He'll always be near,
His presence will give you
A Happy New Year!

Preach the old Gospel story—
Salvation from sin;
Give God all the glory,
As victories you win.
Keep down with the masses,
Your message they'll hear;
Keep humble, and you'll have
A Happy New Year!

I'm Glad I'm a Salvation Soldier.

SELECTED BY H. L. WARD, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Tune.—*Old Glen.*

4 You've heard of the Salvation Army,
What a queer lot of people they are.
They sing, and the shout "Hallelujah!"
While marching onward to war;
They join in a ring on the corner,
And kneel in the street for to pray.
While a number of them tell the story
How happy they are on the way.

Chorus.

I am glad I'm a Salvation Soldier,
And I promise to stand brave and true
To the flag with the star in the centre,
The Yellow, the red, and the blue.
When fighting down here is all over,
And we to the city draw nigh,
We shall hear Jesus give to the faithful
A glad welcome home to the sky.

Their uniform is quite peculiar,
And the bonnets they wear on their heads;
They have S's, and badges, and ribbons,
And then there's the gurnsey of red.
They always have the same kind of fashion,
It don't change with the spring and the fall,
In winter, in summer, no matter,
Our Army's the same after all.

Some people they say it's excitement,
To our meetings they never will come,
They find fault with all of our methods,
Especially the dear old bass drum.
But in spite of it all we go forward,
And we mean to be loyal and true
To the flag with the star in the centre,
The yellow, the red, and the blue.

For Backsliders.

BY A. A. WHITEKER.

Tune.—*Home, sweet home* (B.J. 54.)

5 Once you loved the Saviour and lived at
His feet,
His smile was upon you, your bliss was com-
plete,
Contented and happy, oh, why did you roam
Away from your Father, away from your home?

Chorus.

Come home, oh, come home!
There's no friend like Jesus, there's no place
like home.

The world has deceived you and led you astray
With honors and pleasures that last but a day;
The dregs will be bitter and fill you with gloom,
When, Christless and hopeless, you sink to your
doom.

You've wasted your substance, your soul is in
need,
And fain on the husks of the world would you
feed,
But no one will give you, you'll die sitting there.
Return to your home where there's bread and
to spare.

Though far from the Saviour, by sin so defiled,
Your Father is waiting to welcome His child;
He'll greet your returning and embrace you in
love,
And give you a home in the mansions above.

When the Harvest is O'er.

BY MISS CARRIE LINDSAY, LINDSAY, ONT.

Tune.—*When the harvest days are over.*

6 Near a fireside, bright and cheerful,
Sits the old man, sad and tearful.
He is thinking of the days of long ago:
And his heart is fairly groaning,
For his sins seem past atoning.
When a sweet thought comes which sets his
heart aglow.
In his Bible, on the table,
He reads of One who's able
To make the darkest night as bright as day.
It to sinners speaks so tender,
Has a future full of splendor,
And his sad heart turns to God and seems to
say—

Chorus.

When life's harvest days are over, Saviour dear,
To a mansion shall I read my title clear?
Far beyond this world of strife,
May I have eternal life,
When life's harvest days are over, Saviour
dear?

Now he thinks no more of dying,
He is joyful, and not sighing,
And to other souls he longs to point the way,
And he tells to hearts nigh breaking.
There is peace to soothe the aching,
And all who will may turn to Christ to-day.
Tells how sinners He's receiving,
If they'll only come believing.
"Come to Me, ye weary ones," I hear Him say.
For the love of Christ's unfeeling,
And His blood is still availing,
For His word is truth, and cannot pass away.

COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN will
visit London, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Jan.
3, 4, 5.
BRIGADIER COLLIER will visit Riverside,
Sun., Dec. 28.
ADJT. PERRY, with the Men-Cadets, will
visit Esther St., Sun., Dec. 28.
ADJT. SCARR, with the Women-Cadets, will
visit Yorkville, Sun., Dec. 28.